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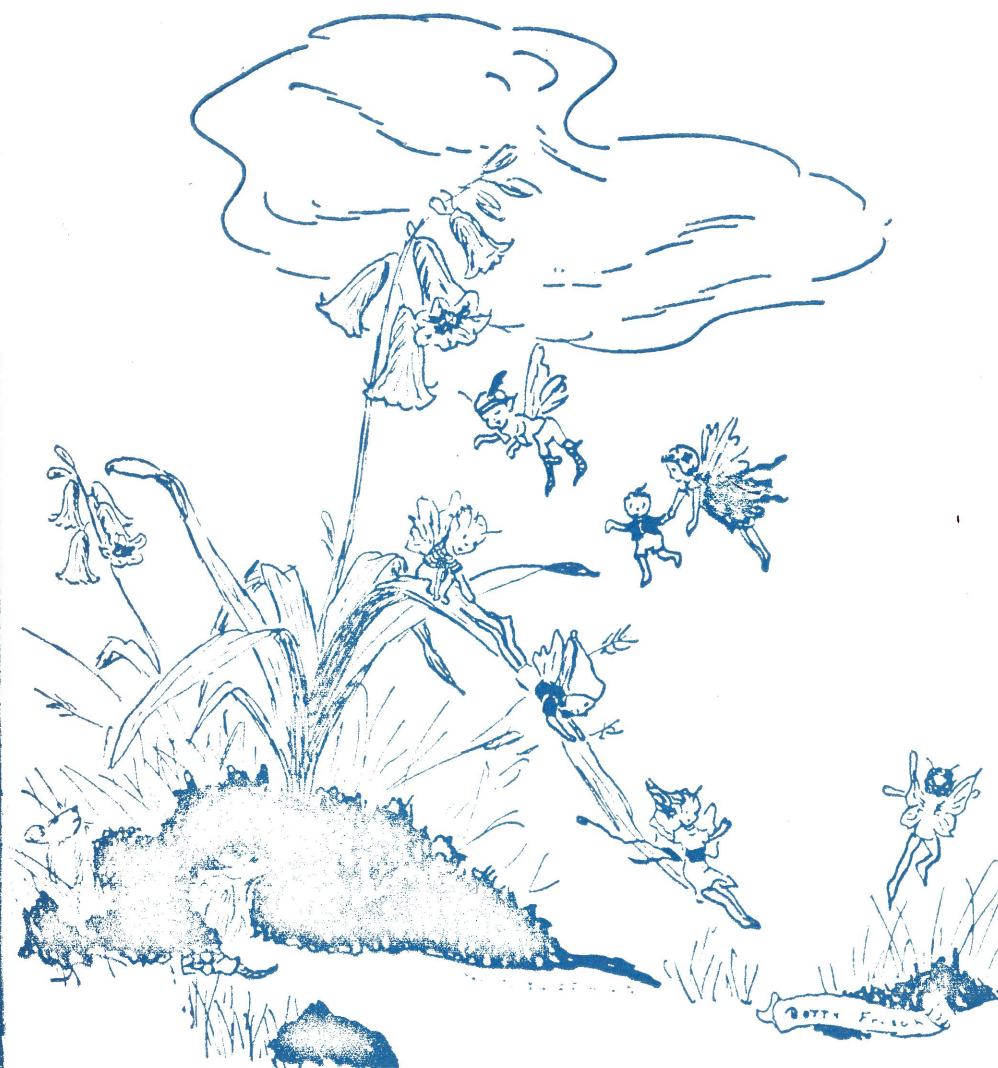
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Students' Pennies



June 1950



MISS MADELINE E. PFEIFFER
Literary Adviser, THE STUDENT'S PEN
1925-1950

As a token of their appreciation and admiration "The Student's Pen" staff wishes to dedicate this issue to their beloved adviser, Miss Madeline Pfeiffer.

The Student's Pen

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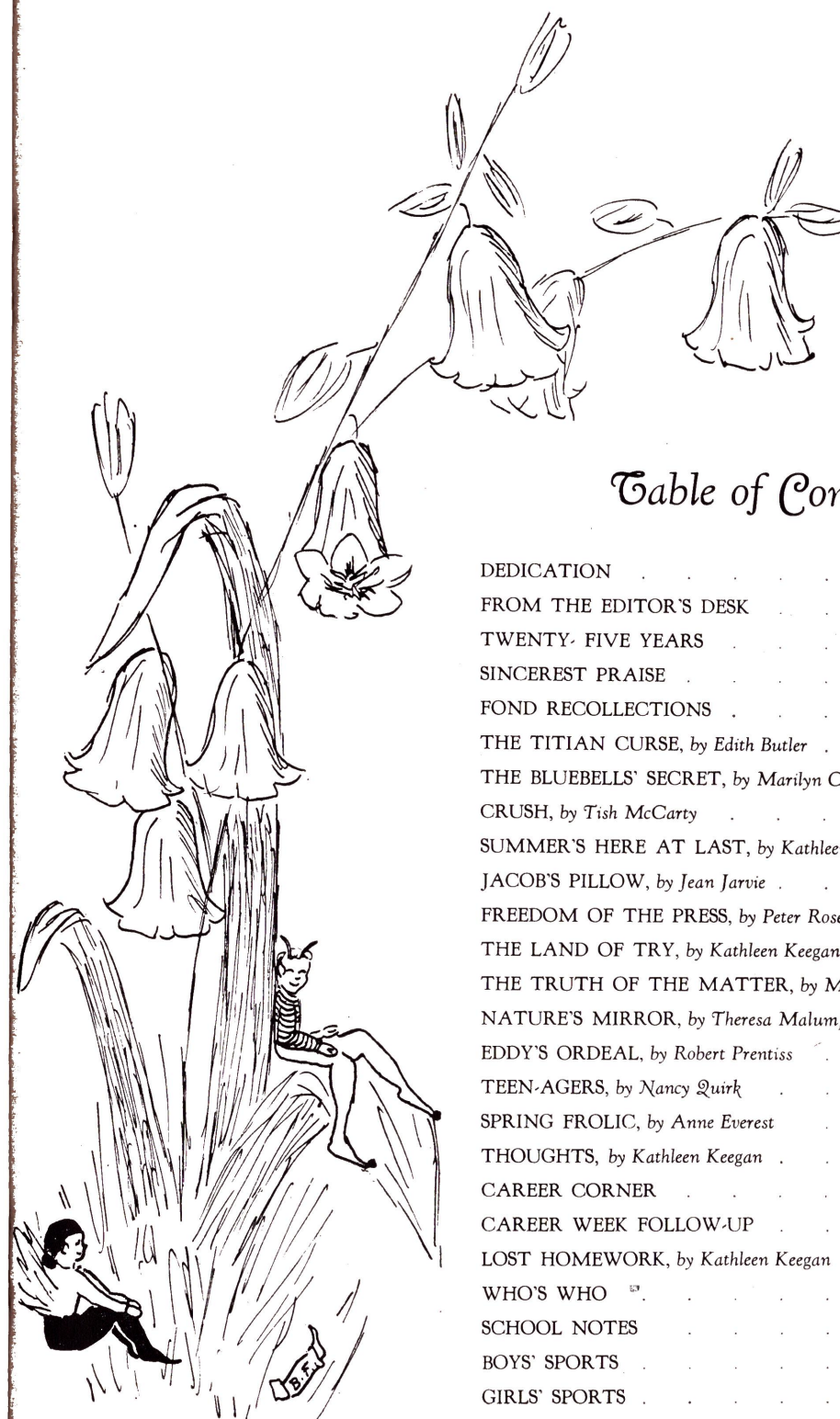
BUSINESS ADVISER

MR. WILLIAM HAYES

Distributed Free of Charge to All Subscribers to Student Activities

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From the EDITOR'S DESK

What Would Happen If . . . ?

By Faith Whiting '50

WAY back in March 1943, the editor of THE STUDENT'S PEN was daydreaming in study hall. It was an especially springlike day, and he just couldn't seem to keep his mind on his math. Instead, he was thinking what would happen if some of the established routines of the school were to be changed. Most of these changes at that time were only remote possibilities—changes of traditional events and conditions that the student body would find difficult to accept. Among his thoughts was the question, "What would happen if Miss Pfeiffer ever gave up THE STUDENT'S PEN?"

He didn't have to worry about this; he could continue his daydreaming. But we are faced today with the problem of answering that question, for Miss Pfeiffer is retiring this year as literary adviser of THE STUDENT'S PEN. What will happen because Miss Pfeiffer is giving up THE PEN? We answer without any hesitation. THE PEN will continue to be a worthy representative of the literary ability of the students of Pittsfield High School. How can we be so sure? Because as adviser of THE PEN for twenty-five

years, Miss Pfeiffer has instilled in the members of its staff the devotion and enthusiasm that was hers. No lesson so diligently wrought can be anything but a lasting influence. No magazine can fail when it has been nurtured over a period of twenty-five years with such conscientious and unflinching interest.

The idea of completing an issue satisfactorily without her help seems incredible. This one is the first to see the light of publicity without her final approval. We realize it is an inadequate expression of our appreciation to her for all she has done.

Although we do not in any way begrudge her the relief from the time and effort THE PEN required, we regret her leaving. We shall miss the pleasant companionship to which we were entitled as members of the staff. Her delightful personality has won for her the respect and love of every member. We know, however, that she will retain her interest in THE PEN, and perhaps we can occasionally find an excuse to go down to Room 233 to seek her always helpful advice.

June, 1950

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Twenty-Five Years

By Nancy Quirk

WITH this issue of THE STUDENT'S PEN Miss Madeline Pfeiffer brings to a close twenty-five eminently successful years as adviser to the editor and staff.

With the exception of two short periods when publication was, of necessity, suspended, THE PEN has appeared regularly since it was founded in 1893. However, our magazine has had its finest term of accomplishment during Miss Pfeiffer's tenure as adviser. In 1929, four years after Miss Pfeiffer's appointment, THE PEN was entered in The Columbia Scholastic Press Association competition. Under Miss Pfeiffer's guidance THE PEN was awarded a first place upon its first appearance. In the years 1934, 1938, and 1939 our publication placed second; and during all the years from 1941 through 1950 THE STUDENT'S PEN has been at the top of the nation-wide prize-winning list.

An explanation of the form the competition takes is evidence enough that winning a first place award is an enviable accomplishment. In the CSPA the magazines are classified according to the enrollment of the high school, which in our case would be the 1,500-2,500 grouping. Publications are judged on such factors as make-up, typography, editorials, sports coverage, and advertising display. Final selections are made on a basis of one-thousand points, with points being deducted for various faults in particular departments. A magazine must earn at least 850 points to gain first place.

While Miss Pfeiffer modestly disclaims credit for this outstanding record of achievement, all of us who have had the privilege of being associated with her know how much this is due to her patient help and competent guidance. The excellent position which THE PEN has attained among scholastic publications in the United States will stand as a lasting tribute to Miss Pfeiffer's untiring

and unselfish interest in assisting the editors and contributors through this last quarter century. Those of us who have been fortunate enough to be personally associated with Miss Pfeiffer will always remember her unassuming manner, her quiet competence and her ability to guide us along the way by her kindly help rather than authoritative direction.

The last twenty-five years have been successful ones for THE STUDENT'S PEN. The school has basked in the glory of THE PEN awards. To Miss Pfeiffer we express today our sincere appreciation.

♦ ♦ ♦

Sincerest Praise

TO us of Miss Pfeiffer's profession, who have felt with her through the years the terrible potencies and fragilities of youth, the natural regret at her departure from THE PEN is tempered by a glad awareness that she has succeeded in making herself unnecessary. This is the consummation of her work.

The house that falls without its props condemns its architect. The crushed wings of the fallen fledgling cry protest to the mother-bird. Continued propulsion betrays a failure to communicate the vital charge; and the fraternity know that indispensability is a poor tribute to a teacher.

The sincerest praise of Miss Pfeiffer is the quiet conviction that THE STUDENT'S PEN will operate effectively without her guidance—that what she has fostered is a living thing.

Only in the field of sculpture is there triumph in the story that Michelangelo, enraptured by the reality of an antique bronze, called upon the life-like form to move. Had the ancient artist worked in human material there would have been tragic failure in the sequel—that the inert figure made no sign.

THE FACULTY

Fond Recollections

Mention of THE STUDENT'S PEN revives happy memories of editorial endeavors in high school days. Foremost is the memory of the one who served as faculty adviser and who, through her willing and diligent effort, directed the editorial staff in its work. It is with the greatest admiration and appreciation of her service that I extend congratulations to Miss Madeline Pfeiffer on her 25th anniversary as STUDENT'S PEN adviser.

MARJORIE WHITE GAMWELL '26

I cannot imagine what the world is coming to when anyone so young as Miss Pfeiffer begins retiring from things. It is conventional to say of a good teacher that she makes her subject fun. Miss Pfeiffer certainly did that. But she also went somewhat beyond it in showing young people how the English language could be a precision weapon, a musical instrument, and a remarkably pleasant means of earning a living. I join with you in saluting her.

JOHN WALKER '27

The loveliness of hills was in her face.
The challenge of the hills was in her mind.
The gentleness of hills inhabited
Was in her patience, critical and kind.
And the hard granite of the hills was there,
Stubborn and true, in her integrity.
We look up smiling to the well-loved hills
From sun-warmed valleys of our memory.

MARIAN BASTOW NESBIT '27

Over the nation today are hundreds of business and professional men who are quick to acknowledge that Madeline Pfeiffer played a major role in their climb to success. I know, because I am one of those fortunate enough to have had her confidence and guidance at an age when it was most needed. It was Miss Pfeiffer's advice that led me to choose journalism for a career. It was one of the wisest selections I ever made.

Miss Pfeiffer has been more than an English teacher and adviser of STUDENT'S PEN

activities. She has been a friend, a counselor and an inspiration to those of her students who showed any evidence of ambition. She has had a knack of giving quick maturity to adolescent minds. She conducted her classes and gave advice on an adult level. Few teachers can retire from 25 years in an advisory capacity with greater credit.

As one of her former students and editors, I am proud to salute Madeline Pfeiffer for a job nobly done.

GEORGE BEEBE '28

I am grateful for the opportunity to express my appreciation for the kind and understanding guidance which Miss Pfeiffer displayed when I was at Pittsfield High School—and more particularly when I was editor of THE PEN.

Many times during the past years I have had occasion to silently thank her for the understanding of English she gave me, and for the knowledge I gained—through her—of publishing and its complex problems.

I am sure that many others will thank her, as I do, for the lively interest and helpfulness outside the realm of her duties.

ROBERT M. WAGNER '28

Through the changing years of depression, double sessions at the old high school, a world war, and countless problems, THE STUDENT'S PEN has had one unchanging asset—the inspired and devoted leadership of Miss Madeline Pfeiffer. Many of the former editors have read with great pride of the 12 top honors won by THE STUDENT'S PEN during Miss Pfeiffer's 25 years as the magazine's adviser. We realize that these awards are the most tangible of all tribute to her skill, patience and wisdom.

VERA VICTOREEN FIELDING '29

My association with Miss Pfeiffer, while editor of THE STUDENT'S PEN, was one which has left a lasting and pleasant note in my memory. Her complete and untiring devotion

to her work and her insistence upon quality of product rather than quantity with mediocrity are traits which might well be emulated today. May I join with all of you in wishing her health and happiness in the years to come.

GEORGE KENYON '30

In 1930, Miss Pfeiffer appointed a certain sophomore editor-in-chief of THE STUDENT'S PEN. The sophomore had many shortcomings for the post, but tried to compensate for them with enthusiasm. Thanks to Miss Pfeiffer, the arrangement worked. Because of her high standards of good taste, her sound editorial judgment, her devoted direction of the staff, THE STUDENT'S PEN retained the character and distinction which it had acquired in previous years under her guidance.

Looking back twenty years, the former sophomore acknowledges an enormous personal debt to an excellent teacher, friend and counselor whose influence is lasting. It was Miss Pfeiffer who imparted to student editors the sense of accomplishment and satisfaction that comes from planning and editing every issue of the magazine. It was she who discovered, stimulated and developed contributors of verse, essays, short stories and drawings, and encouraged them to better efforts of self-expression. For some of us this early training has led to professional writing and editing careers.

Viewed in retrospect by a former editor, her title of "faculty adviser" seems gross understatement. Miss Pfeiffer has in fact been editorial director—and an extraordinarily good one—in addition to being a treasured friend and teacher.

EDWARD MICHELSON '31-'32

One of the most rewarding experiences of my life was my editorship of THE STUDENT'S PEN, and prominent among my memories of those pleasant days is Miss Pfeiffer's wise, kindly but unobtrusive guidance.

I am delighted to have the opportunity to

express my gratitude as one of the many whose outlook has been enriched by her counsel.

MIRIAM MIRNOW SURYA '33

As one of the former editors who was associated with Miss Pfeiffer during my tenure on THE STUDENT'S PEN, I feel that I should not allow this occasion to pass without expressing my deep respect and admiration for the quality of her work as the guiding light of THE STUDENT'S PEN. Throughout the years I have always remembered her keen mind, her kindly humor, her kindness and her unflagging spirit. May I take this opportunity to wish Miss Pfeiffer every success and happiness in whatever she may undertake in the future.

HAROLD J. FELDMAN '34

With her steadfast encouragement, generous cooperation, and sincere criticism, Miss Pfeiffer has given each of us a prescription for better living which has strengthened our characters far beyond high school days.

BETTY BICKFORD MCGURK '34

As Mr. Strout pointed out several years ago, Miss Pfeiffer is considered one of the most capable English teachers in New England; and it is a tribute to her and a compliment to the Pittsfield High School that she has chosen to act as adviser to THE STUDENT'S PEN for twenty-five years. Her lessons in developing an inquisitive mind and a thirst for knowledge have been a lifetime inspiration. The loss to THE STUDENT'S PEN will be deeply felt.

VIRGINIA BICKFORD RYER '35

After fifteen years Miss Pfeiffer remains as my strongest impression of STUDENT'S PEN days. Her approach to the problem of guiding a novice editor was so deceptively simple that it took me some years to realize how much I learned from her. She always wanted us on the staff to take the initiative and was

careful to make each of us an individual thinker. Her keen critical sense, her superb taste, and her thorough knowledge of writing and editing made us seek her out constantly for advice.

She counseled us freely, and every page of our issues of THE PEN shows her influence, but she always made us think through our own problems and arrive at conclusions of which we ourselves felt sure. There were no pat answers on THE PEN and no ready-made thinking. Our work there was our first chance to think through the real problems of creating something of our own. It was the best education we could have had and probably the most valuable experience we took with us from high school.

CHARLES H. KLINE '35

Back in '35 and '36 while with
THE PEN I was associated,
Miss Pfeiffer guided and helped
until we graduated,
She saw that we dotted our i's
and crossed our t's,
She watched us and coached us
about our q's and our p's.

I am happy at this time to add
my few rhymes
To those of others who edited at
other times.
Miss Pfeiffer, you can always feel
happy and proud
Your achievements as teacher and
guide we will always voice aloud.

DOROTHY KLEIN HARAB '36

I am grateful for the opportunity to express again my appreciation to Miss Pfeiffer for her kindness to me when I was editor of THE STUDENT'S PEN. My association with her is one of the happiest memories of my high school days.

ISABELLE KNOLLMEYER '36

It is a privilege at this time to join others in expressing sincere appreciation of Miss Pfeiffer's service to THE STUDENT'S PEN.

Those who have edited THE PEN, in particular, have been aware of the tremendous amount of time and energy Miss Pfeiffer has expended on the magazine for the benefit of the staffs and the students whom the magazine has served. Some of us realize, too, that there were other demands made on her time and ability in addition to those connected with her position as a teacher and adviser to THE PEN.

The editors of THE PEN have reason to be especially grateful for Miss Pfeiffer's help, guidance, encouragement, and inspiration.

It is indeed fitting that the June issue of THE STUDENT'S PEN be dedicated to the one who is most responsible for any success THE PEN has earned.

RICHARD LACATELL '37

Quiet, gracious, understanding, and patient, Miss Pfeiffer has given of herself and of her time to inspire the creating of a high school publication that takes its place at the top in its field. However, her guidance has had its effect not only on THE PEN, but on the student as well.

Her enriching influence is remembered for encouraging such activities as an interview with the bacteriologist at City Hall, a trip to the Eagle Office to see how type is set, proof-reading copy after school, and encouraging creative writing, yet tactfully and understandingly pointing out mistakes and weak spots in order that we might improve.

Her leadership in these and many other activities pursued in connection with editing THE STUDENT'S PEN did more to broaden our horizons during those formative years than any other single part of our high school education.

ELIZABETH MITCHELL PHINNEY '37

I look back upon my year as editor of THE STUDENT'S PEN as one of the richest and most rewarding of my entire life. It was that year that I learned what high standards, pulling together, meeting deadlines, and shouldering responsibility meant. I could not have had a

finer teacher. It was indeed a privilege to work with, and count as my friend, Miss Madeline Pfeiffer. Her untiring enthusiasm, her constant cheerfulness, her wealth of knowledge, and good sense could not help but deeply enrich the lives of those who worked with her.

DOROTHY SHELTON ROBBINS '38

I was very much surprised to learn that Miss Pfeiffer was retiring as STUDENT'S PEN adviser, because I suppose when a person performs her role so well we don't think of her giving it up ever.

Miss Pfeiffer always knew what she wanted and her aims were always high. It was her desire for perfection that led her staff to strive for a topflight magazine always. It's a shame her job is not for ever so succeeding PEN writers could have this benefit.

If an unassuming teacher can feel pride, then Miss Pfeiffer can be proud of one fact—that she has left behind her a job well done and a host of former students who will always remember her. I know I will.

ROBERT C. MOORE '39

Today my life is richer and I am a happier and perhaps a better man for having been in Miss Pfeiffer's classes and for having worked with her on THE STUDENT'S PEN. The number of men and women who have been so guided by Miss Pfeiffer is a living tribute and a lasting tribute to her efforts. In addition, she must derive a great deal of satisfaction from the fact that year after year THE STUDENT'S PEN under her guidance has been judged one of the outstanding high school publications in the country.

BRUCE HAINSWORTH '40

With other PEN editors, I am very proud to have this opportunity to add my tribute to Miss Pfeiffer on the occasion of her twenty-fifth and retiring year with THE STUDENT'S PEN.

As I considered how I might best express to her my appreciation and that of the staff

of the 1941 PEN, I thought of the number of issues those twenty-five years represented, of the work and interest that had gone into each one, and of the number of students to whom she has quietly given help and encouragement.

And as I thought of all these things, it seemed to me that her greatest tribute could not be written—not written because it is living.

It is living in the persons of all the staffs and editors who were touched by her rare talent for teaching. Each is today in some way different than had he not known her. One person may remember her sympathetic assistance with his rebellious poetry; another, as I, may ever thank her for sparking the interest which started them on a satisfying career. But all, no matter what their particular experience, form together an ever-continuing tribute to Miss Pfeiffer, one who gives the greatest of all gifts—herself.

HELEN WADE CAREY, '41

One of Miss Pfeiffer's favorite authors—mine, too, *post hoc*—has partitioned a man's course of life into "seven ages." Periods or phases they are, delineated not so much by chronology as by habitus and demeanor. Most certainly in reading the original lines one can picture well what a man *looks* like in each age and gains considerable insight into what his *behavior* might be. Remember, also—if you can slip away from the settings of your own stage for the moment—that a man's way of *thinking*, his evaluation of things about him, is different in each of these seven ages.

Any event of the "shining morning face" days will be viewed in a somewhat different light when one reaches the "sighing like furnace" years. The writer, when comparing age No. 2 with his present, will vouch for a rather remarkable change in feelings about many things, including trigonometry, cough medicine, ballet, young ladies, the "New York Times," and ice cream!

It is certain that I shall recall P. H. S. associations with Miss Pfeiffer with great pleasure for the remainder of my days; but as time moves on, and my thought processes undergo a metamorphosis, I'm sure I shall find the emphasis of those recollections changing too. At this particular point—and I speak in a personal way—the most persistent thoughts about Miss Pfeiffer are those of her as the *great enthusiast*. Not the back-slapping, vociferous, bubbling-with-mirth sort, mind you, but one who is absorbed in her pursuits in a sincere, intense, thoughtful way.

I'm sure that one of the reasons that she is a successful teacher is that this enthusiasm is contagious! She teaches not by directive, but by dedication; not through pedagogy, but through persuasion. Such people are rare, and their influence is so precious! They kindle the sparks of intellectual curiosity and lead the way to a "joie de vivre" which will sustain one even in the face of the hum-drum. One's own life becomes much richer and more enjoyable for having known such a person.

In P. H. S. days, I most admired Miss Pfeiffer for her knowledge of English Literature (and for her patience with a slightly obtuse editor). As I think back now, I recall best the infectious enthusiasm with which she caught hold of young minds and led them to new values and pleasures.

MODESTINO G. CRISCITIELLO '42

Seven years ago I first became aware of the phrase "meeting the deadline." As editor of THE STUDENT'S PEN that year I learned from Miss Pfeiffer the discipline of the deadline; and thinking at first that it was some sort of ordeal to be endured, my first two or three issues of THE PEN were gotten out much as a general wages a major offensive. But gradually, under Miss Pfeiffer's quiet, patient direction, I came to realize that the responsibility of the work which had been assigned me was neither a battle nor a burden. She taught me that responsibility is a privilege, a lesson which has been of inestimable value to

me in the years since graduation. Another lesson I learned from her was not to be satisfied with things that were merely adequate, but to search out that which had a *plus* quality. Discovering a new way to express an old thought, choosing the word which would show my exact meaning rather than one which carried only a general implication, and realizing that to do something well, one must rethink, revise, and recreate—these are some of the ideas I received from her that busy senior year, ideas which have brought so much happiness into the varied activities of the past seven years.

I wish that Miss Pfeiffer might continue her work as adviser for THE STUDENT'S PEN because she has such a talent for making THE PEN a success and for inspiring the best in the students who work with her. This year may mark the end of a cycle, the completion of a particular kind of work for her; but it also marks the beginning of a new adventure, and a continuation of the kindness and helpfulness which she has always shown to the people around her. I thank her for all she has done yesterday, and for all she is going to do tomorrow; and may today be full and very happy.

JUNE PARKER GOLDMAN '43

Anyone who attempts a tribute to Miss Pfeiffer is faced with the difficulty of finding some way to describe those qualities too often taken for granted. Her quiet and enthusiastic work on behalf of THE STUDENT'S PEN has always been a mainstay to every editor with whom she has ever worked. Her good taste and willingness to stay in the background have endeared her to those with whom she has worked over the years. It would be emphasizing the obvious to say that she has always been most friendly and cheerful.

Miss Pfeiffer herself would be the first to deny that she had anything to do with THE PEN's success. But the record of the past decade or more, in Columbia Press Association contests, speaks for itself.

May I take this opportunity of expressing my gratitude for the splendid assistance and inspiration she has given to me personally as PEN editor, and to the staff as a whole.

PAUL A. PERRY '44

"How, best of 'queens', dost thou a sceptre bear!

How, best of poets, dost thou laurel wear!
But two things rare the Fates had in their store,

And gave thee both, to show they could no more.

For such a poet, while thy days were green,
Thou wert, as chief of them are said to have been.

And such a 'queen' thou art we daily see,
As chief of those still promise they will be.

Whom should my Muse then fly to but the best

Of 'queens' for grace; of poets, for my test?"

"The faery beam upon you,
The stars to glisten on you;

A moon of light

In the noon of night,

Till the fire-drake hath o'ergone you!

The wheel of fortune guide you,

The boy with the bow beside you;

Run aye in the way

Till the bird of day,

And the luckier lot betide you!"

JANE HOWARD '45

Miss Pfeiffer's complete interest and careful guidance have made THE PEN an important part of P. H. S. Her kindness and patience have made PEN work a most pleasant experience.

MARY ELLEN CRISCITIELLO '46

Miss Pfeiffer's patience, kindness, and encouragement made my year as editor a memorable experience.

Her untiring efforts have been a major factor in making THE PEN a Columbia award

winner year after year. We who have worked with her know the tremendous amount of time and plain hard work which she has cheerfully contributed to make THE PEN a magazine of which we have been proud.

Above all, she has been more than our advisor—she has been a true friend.

JANET CLARK '47

What tribute can we pay, we few who each
Have known the one who could with friendly glow

And gentle guiding hand not only show
The errors on a page, but also reach
Beyond the realms of printer's ink to teach
Our hearts to understand, our lines endow?
And with our minds how can we help but know

The great inadequacy of speech?

Our minds! Can they know what is truly dear?

They are but weapons which any Fool girds
On, to play the drama of his part;
And we, who feel respect for one so near
With feeling unmixed with brain-created words,

Speak from a mind deep in the human heart.

ALMA ROSENFELD '48

That the name of Miss Madeline Pfeiffer should not appear in THE STUDENT'S PEN seems impossible. My relationship with Miss Pfeiffer gave me a precious privilege shared by so few—the opportunity to do work in close contact with a wonderful person.

A week could not pass before those who joined PEN Club could see Miss Pfeiffer's devotion to her work. As time passed, we realized to what extent the magazine depended upon her. Always encouraging and taking pleasure in any progress her young writers made, she was the stable foundation which held our magazine together.

MARY BONNEVILLE '49

The Titian Curse

By Edith Butler

HAVE you ever thought that you'd like to be a redhead,—a member of that unfortunate minority who constitute a mere seven percent of the world's total population? Believe me, you will be happier if you are less exclusive, and for several reasons.

First of all, you will find yourself a constant target for various irksome appellations, the most common and revolting of which is the old familiar "Red". You will be accosted with this colorful cognomen by teasing but well-meaning friends, by chanting children, and worst of all, by total strangers on street corners, on busses, and in passing automobiles. More original tormentors resort to less hackneyed, but no less offensive terms—"Reddy Kilowatt" and "Copperhead" heading the list. Oh yes, you may stoutly assent that your hair is auburn, but your friends listen condescendingly, nod, and say pleasantly, "Why, of course it's auburn, 'Red'!"

Nicknames are not the only bane of the redhead. Many of our wretched clan suffer from another plague almost worse than the flaming hair—the plague of freckles. The minute Old Sol begins to ride high in the summer heaven, these miniature copper disks appear by the dozens, chiefly across the bridge of the nose and on the cheek bones. Beauty spots? Far from it! They are the curse of the sensitive-skinned, titian-haired lovely. If she dreams of hiding them under a good coat of tan, what is her fate? The reddest of sunburns to match her hair.

Finally, if you are auburn haired, you find yourself confronted by the greatest problem—clothes. A variety is absolutely out of the question, since for color you are confined to blue, green, and brown. Shopping is always an adventure. Gradually you learn to close your eyes resolutely to stunning plaids, always containing the forbidden red; you pass without drooling the dreamy summer pastels of pink, lavender, and rose.

Onward to the old faithfuls—the eligible three.

However, the redheads are not beaten yet. I have devised a remarkable and effective remedy, an outlet for my color conscious spirit—pajamas! I satisfy my irrepressible yen for bright colors and express all my longings in rainbow colored pajamas. I delight at an atrocity in red and white candy stripes, am elated by an illusion in shocking pink with fuchsia and purple splashes of print, and become ecstatic over a "find" of screaming multicolored jacquards.

It is my ultimate ambition to establish a national holiday, no, an international holiday, on which all redheads will celebrate by wearing their favorite, heretofore only dreamed of, motley garbs. No blonde or brunette will dare to villify them, and they will be protected from any and all abuse by the S.P.C.R. (Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Redheads). They will—oh well, I can dream, can't I?

THE BLUEBELLS' SECRET

By Marilyn Case '53

The little bluebells in the dell
Whisper softly, and they tell
Of the elves and fairy sprites
Who dance around them every night.

When dusk appears and all is still
And you hear the call of the whip-poor-will,
Down in the glade where the bluebells stand
The fairies are dancing hand in hand.

When dawn appears and the sun brings day
The fleet-footed fairies scurry away,
But at night they return to dance and play
Where the little bluebells sway.

Now if you should ever chance that way
When you are walking during the day,
If the bluebells are swaying to and fro,
They're telling each other the secret they know.

Crush

By Tish McCarty '52

HOW could it possibly be over so soon? It had seemed only a few weeks ago that Skip and Cliff were inseparable. They were such good friends and always had had such fun together. It was always "Skip and Cliff" to everyone. Now he had suddenly become so aloof and silent. Her eyes strayed toward the next row, two seats up. She must forget him. It was a foolish, mad crush. But her eyes fondly followed his blue, blue eyes as he gazed out the window. What was he thinking of? She wished she knew. But that was sentimental and silly!

When was it she had met him? It was at the party after the play. Skippi recalled the party—how she had danced with him. His steps had been a little faltering (he was just learning how to dance) and once he had stepped on her foot. He blushed, and she blushed when he had said he was sorry. But her white shoe was marred with a black smudge. He had smiled down at her, and she forgot the shoe. When he asked her if he might take her home, she remembered how her heart had jumped, and she had replied hoarsely, "Why, that would be swell!" She had hated herself since that moment; she had sounded so unfeminine and unlady-like.

Her eyes wandered to his hand which was writing quickly with short, sharp strokes. What was he writing? Oh, it must be the English composition. He had always had trouble with English.

"I remember—but there I go again," she said. "I must stop!" But she continued to reminisce. She shuddered as she recalled the time she had asked the girls to walk down Vine Street instead of Main street. They couldn't figure her out, and she wouldn't tell. Jean then remembered that HE lived in the second house on the right on Vine and—He had heard about it, and poor Skippi could think of no time when she was more em-

barrassed. For a time afterward she had acted as cool as she possibly could toward him, but he just seemed thoroughly amused. Then she fully ignored and tried to forget the whole situation. It worked for a time, but Skippi still had that crush!

Now, with school almost over and a summer at camp ahead, she would never see him again—at least not until August, which was practically as bad. It was a pretty camp. Skip had gone there one year before. She loved the big pines around the main cabin. They made the little white cabin so clean and bright looking. The other cabins were of logs and very rustic looking. The lake was beautiful and just the thing on a hot July afternoon. It was a pretty camp, but she hated so to leave home, her friends, and him.

"Buzz—zz!" the buzzer broke her dream off. She was back again in the sunny study hall. She gathered together her books, glanced at the clock, and started up the aisle.

Then he stopped her.

"Skippi! Guess what!" Before she had a chance to reply he blurted, "I'm working this summer at the same camp you are. I'm taking care of the horses. It will be fun, won't it!—I mean—working together!"

SUMMER'S HERE AT LAST

By Kathleen Keegan '51

Summer's here at last! I can tell it by the sun
Forever, ever beating down on each and every one.

Summer's here at last! I can tell it by the flowers;

Irises and daffodils—results of April showers.
Summer's here at last! I can tell it by the swimmers

Who quickly take to water when the mercury simmers.

Jacob's Pillow—University of the Dance

By Jean Jarvie '50



THIS said, "Grass is always greener on the other side of the fence." But we in the Berkshires could dispute that thought. Just look around—If scenery is what you want, perhaps ours isn't as bold and grand as in some sections of the world, but it is rolling, friendly, restful, and beautiful to live with.

Besides our quota of scenery, we have a wealth of culture too. Back in the mid-nineteenth century, Pittsfield was a literary center. Hawthorne, Holmes, Longfellow lived or visited in the district. Here Herman Melville wrote his masterpiece "Moby Dick." In our own day we have witnessed the development of Tanglewood, a music shrine. Serge Koussevitsky's dream of bringing music to all the people has come true, and great crowds flock to Tanglewood each summer to enjoy the richness of our musical heritage.

There is another dream in the process of fulfillment, one not so well publicized as Tanglewood. It is Jacob's Pillow, the University of the Dance. Back in 1930, Ted Shawn, who had been a member of the Denishawn School and Dancers, launched a daring plan. He bought an old farm nine miles east of Lee, Massachusetts, as a retreat, and organized a company of men dancers. The

training quarters of the group would be his farm. This was a two hundred acre tract, the main house of which dated back to 1790. The estate was named Jacob's Pillow for the flat, smooth boulder in front of the porch.

Besides all the physical labor, there were long hours of practice. Shawn put the dancers through a course of body training designed to develop the torso. Each vertebra was educated to move on command. I noticed how eloquently the muscles of his back "spoke", when I saw Barton Mumaw, one of Shawn's students, do a work dance. This made an indelible impression on me, for I know how much trouble most of us have doing a creditable job just managing our hands and feet.

Shawn's school has weathered the effects of war and post-war readjustment. It now has a new barn theatre styled by Joseph Franz, who was the architect of Tanglewood. It seats five hundred fourteen people. Its stage can accommodate a full size ballet. Atop one of the barn cupolas is a life size silhouette of Barton Mumaw—one of the most distinguished of Shawn's pupils trained at the Pillow. The back of the stage is so arranged that in pleasant weather the dancers have the sky, trees, and mountains for a backdrop. There can be no better inspiration for an art that goes directly to nature for its inception.

The pupils at the Pillow have a long, hard road before they are finished artists, ready for the stage. Mumaw, Kriza, Franklin, and Danilova make the work look so simple—so easy, but it is a long way from an arabesque at the bar to doing the "Bluebird." But, Jacob's Pillow is not only trying to make artists; it is trying to teach the public to appreciate dancing. We are taught music, but not everyone becomes a Koussevitsky. We are taught math, and few of us become Einsteins. Why not teach dancing? Not everyone need be a Pavlova or Shawn.

Freedom of the Press

By Peter Rosenfeld '53

THE scene of the forthcoming one-act tragedy is that part of the home rather improperly called "the living room," implying, at least to me, that in any other room you exist only under a "tombstone."

The time is not midnight or any other dark, ghostly hour when good tragedies usually take place, but that pleasant period immediately preceding supper.

The characters are a mother, a father, a daughter and a son, and curiously enough, they all are related to each other.

Lastly, the subject of this play is the second section of a small, four-cent daily newspaper which, at the time when we arrive upon the scene, is in the hands of the "mater." All is exceedingly quiet, except for occasional hints from the daughter who, at intervals of five minutes, pipes out, "Finished yet, Mom?"

Then there comes the inevitable moment when the mother finally sets down the paper, at which point there ensues a mild scramble for it, with the two younger members of the family competing.

"It's mine," yells the boy. "I got it first."

"Maybe you did, but I asked for it, and if you ask me, that's better etiquette."

"Thank you, Miss Emily Post."

"Oh, shut up! And, anyway, haven't you every heard of 'ladies before gentlemen'?"

"Yes, Emily dear, but since when are you a lady?"

"Ever since you've been a gentleman, dear sir."

"You may not know it, but in regard to your first argument of etiquette, I also have been communicating with Mother about this section, but with a different technique that does not require opening one's mouth."

"Then may I be so bold as to ask, with what technique?"

"Why through that delicate instrument called the mind, of course. I'm a firm believer in mental telepathy, you know."

"If you're so good, then, I'll think of something and you read my mind and tell me what I'm thinking."

"You mean you really can think?"

"Come on, smart Aleck, I'm waiting."

"I'm sorry, Madam, but you lack the prime requisite—the mind to read."

"Look, I've got an idea. You keep arguing and list all your points, and by that time I'll be finished reading this section."

"Ha-ha, very funny—now give me——"

Suddenly the temporary peace treaty appears in the person of the forgotten character in our play, the father, who deems it desirable to read this section while it is still in one piece. The battle continues verbally, however, as to who is entitled to the ownership of the precious paper when the papa should finish. The amused mother takes the role of peace negotiator. After probing into the situation further she comes up with the discovery that each is seeking a different part of the section, the son, the sports; the daughter, the comics. She suggests that they approve a small job of surgery with a pair of scissors manipulated by herself, whereby they each can get their preference as soon as the paper is free.

The plan is approved and a pair of scissors fetched. Presently Father finishes and Mother begins her operation. Suddenly she stops short, realizing that her plan has backfired and that the conflict has only begun. She observes with horror that for the first time in many years the comics have been put on the back of the sheet containing the sports news!

THE LAND OF TRY

By Kathleen Keegan, '51

I've heard tell that the Land of Try
Lies mostly up a hill;
But with faith and perseverance
You can climb without a spill.

The Truth of the Matter

By Mary Breslin '53



NEARLY the entire population of the town of Barnard lost at least one night's sleep wondering why Rit Morgan, their star hurler, failed to put in an appearance at the all-important game between Clayville and Barnard, thereby insuring its loss for his home team. Rit had mysteriously disappeared for several days, and no amount of telephoning or searching was of any avail. When he did return he offered no explanation for his absence. The furious coach, the hurt and puzzled teammates, the indignant backers of the club, the disappointed fans and the just plain curious, all failed to pry his secret from him. The only answers they received to their various inquiries were furious blushes and evasive "Uhhh-h's", which left them more perplexed than ever. So now, for the benefit of all concerned, I shall reveal for the first time the facts in the Case of the Missing Pitcher.

The culprit of the plot was a small, three-going-on-four-year-old named Terry, a visiting cousin of Rit. City born and bred, Terry found a new world of delight in the Morgan

farm and the surrounding woods. To him it was comparable only to the wilds of Africa. Mischievous by nature, he lost no opportunity for adventure in this charming environment, and therein lies the difficulty. From the very beginning, he turned the house into a turmoil. Finally his aunt was forced to order him out of doors under the protection of his older cousin, perhaps not with Rit's wholehearted approval, but as a necessary measure.

And so it was that, one hour before game-time on that fateful day, Rit was plunging frantically through the woods in search of a missing child. So excited had he been over the approaching game that he had forgotten his obligations concerning Terry,—just the golden opportunity the toddler was looking for. To Rit the game was more important than anything else, but in the eyes of his mother and his aunt, Terry's safety came first. And so he was in mad pursuit, but his thoughts kept jumping back to the team, the team, the team! In a less-agitated state of mind, he would have thought to call someone and explain the situation. They would have sent a car and someone to help look, but it never occurred to him. If only he could find Terry soon, there would still be time to make the game with a few minutes to spare, he reasoned. He was wild with anxiety and his emotions were clearly reflected in his voice as he bellowed, "TERRY!"

He paused a moment, but the woods were filled only with a vast emptiness and his own echo. He dashed on, stopped again, and repeated his urgent call. This time there came a gratifying if faint reply. Racing through the brush, he headed in the direction of the sound. He was already unconsciously flexing his hand, preparing to "tan that kid like he's never been tanned before". He was seething with a justified rage, as he burst into the

small clearing where Terry sat blissfully playing; hot words were already burning his tongue.

The child turned his head and said innocently, "Hi! Lookit the pretty kitty Terry play with."

Rit drew in an agonized breath as his eyes froze on the black-and-white "kitty". Forgotten was his blind anger of a moment ago. If only he hadn't been so excited he would have noticed the presence of the animal before this. Now there was just time to grab Terry and perhaps—

But the "kitty", who had already de-

livered a warning patter of its feet, hesitated no longer. The child had been annoying enough, and now this menacing creature was a deliberate call to action. He loosed his all-powerful weapon.

So there, Barnardites, you have the reasons why Rit Morgan never speaks of those few lost days spent in deodorizing himself, an understandable embarrassment. I have put them in a nutshell, and that's where I advise you to keep them because, after all, it would never do to make the star pitcher mad just before that crucial game with Clayville next Sunday!

Nature's Mirror

By Theresa Malumphy '50

OUR lakes are too commonly used as a compelling means of advertisement, and as a commercial drawing card for tourists and sports-fans. But to some of the more thoughtful nature lovers, lakes seem almost like personal friends who give peace, comfort, and pleasure.

The lake in early morning just after sunrise is a perfect picture of calm and quiet serenity. Its whole surface is void of frowning ripples and waves. The sun, cautiously ascending, casts its beams and transforms the quiet, dark face into a beautiful gray-blue expanse of softly shimmering glass. The surrounding shore-line is silent except for the occasional joyful trill of an early bird. The only sign of wakefulness in the lake itself is the tell-tale silver flashes of the fish in quest of a choice fly or two for breakfast.

At mid-morning the lake is forced out of her beautiful lethargy. The campers with squeals of delight, appear for their morning swim. The summer visitors shatter the silence with the raucous roar of motorboats, the lake's alarm clock. Along with the motorboats, the angler appears in his row-boat, and boatloads of happy, vociferous children, supposedly learning the skill of

boating, interrupt the lake's rest. Reluctantly she becomes a gracious instrument of fun and delightful sportsmanship. These noises continue all through the day, and in the evening subside as abruptly as they started.

Dusk creeps silently and stealthily upon the lake, until suddenly everything is enveloped in the misty haze of twilight. The lake once again is erased of its waves which have been transformed into gentle ripples. A canoe glides silently and slowly through the darkened water, its occupants silhouetted against the red of the fading sunset. The moon rises majestically over the lake, peers down into its dark mirror, and gazes in admiration at its own countenance. The waves which have been created by a cooling dainty breeze seem to delight in rolling and tossing the moon's reflection about. There is no sound except for the serenading, comforting lullaby of the whippoorwill, and the ever present frog and peeper symphony.

The lake in summer is breath-taking in its beauty at any time of day; quiet in the morning, vivacious and happy through the day, soothing and restful at night. Truly, lakes are another magnificent, wholly perfect creation of the Divine Artist.

Eddy's Ordeal

By Robert Prentiss '53



THE Jones home looked quiet and peaceful as twilight came. The lawn was mowed, the sidewalk swept, and two majestic elms cast their shadows over the front of the house. A lazy brown and white dog slept contentedly on the porch steps. Mr. and Mrs. Jones had gone to the club and now all was peaceful and serene.

Eddy was dressing for the weekly dance at the Oasis. There was nothing exceptional about the dance, yet he dressed more carefully than usual, for he was going to meet Marge. Marge was a lovely little blonde who had just moved to town and last week he had seen her for the first time. She had drifted into his French class and from that moment on, he had walked in a daze. And now he was to have a date with her tonight! Eddy was in great haste, for the dance started at eight and it was now seven-thirty, just barely enough time to finish dressing, get the car, and pick up Marge.

His bad luck started when he gave an extra hard tug on his shoelace. It snapped and Eddy emitted an ejaculation that was far from gentlemanly. He rummaged through

the drawers of his chest, but in vain. He continued the search in his father's room. Then he did a disgraceful thing! He took the shoestring out of one of his father's best oxfords and proceeded to lace his shoes.

This done, he paused for a moment and muttered, "Now, what did Ma tell me to do before she left the house! Oh! Let out that crazy cat!"

Armed with the broom, he went to Jasper's favorite hiding place under the bed. Prodded from his repose, Jasper sprang angrily forth, but Eddy cornered him and pushed him vigorously out of doors. Scarcely was the door closed before the din of a cat and dog conflict reached Eddy's ears. Investigation revealed Rex pursuing the cat to an elm tree and barking delightedly at his victim. This would never do!

Eddy seized the dog roughly, and dragged him into the house, but Rex escaped Eddy's grasp, knocked over a choice vase of flowers, and bolted down the cellar stairs. Eddy slammed the cellar door and started to pick up the pieces of the broken vase. Suddenly he looked at his watch. The time was seven-fifty!

He grabbed his suitcoat and rushed out of the house. But now a new trouble developed. The garage door refused to open.

"Drat it! The door's stuck!" exclaimed Eddy.

Under his frenzied pushing the door finally moved. With a sigh of relief, he jumped into the car and stepped on the starter, but no sound came. The battery was dead as a doornail!

Then Eddy had a bright idea. A taxi stand was just around the corner. A word to the driver, and in a few minutes Eddy was zooming in style toward Marge's home. The cab pulled over to the curb in front of a red brick house.

Spring Frolic

By Anne Everest '52

OVERNIGHT Mother Nature has erased the grime and gloom of the past few weeks. Lawns have turned into velvety green carpets, and the crocus is winking at you 'round the corner. Why, here is Mr. Jack-in-the-pulpit announcing the arrival of Queen Hyacinth and her court. Did I hear the queen say, "May I come in?" Indeed I did. The queen's motto is early to bed and early to rise, and what could be a more ample reward than to arise before the break of day and find her fresh beauty waiting to greet you? Meet the queen's favorite, the dashing forsythia, whose golden beauty is known throughout the country. Accompanying her is Prince Iris, her handsome suitor. Close behind come two of the most loved, Miss Demure Violet, to whom we are all partial, and Miss Alluring Pansy, her wistful-faced cousin. Stepping lightly forth are the romantic, tender forget-me-nots. A legend claims that "forget-me-not" were the last words of a lover who drowned in the attempt to obtain the flower for his beloved. Bringing joy to the scene are the daffodil twins, whose gaiety and good cheer, are like the warmth of the sun after a long winter. Why, how could I have forgotten such a combination of color and happiness as brother Tulip and sister Lily. Last, but not least, come the buttercups, dancing o'er hilltop and dale, and gleefully singing their song "Spring, sweet spring is here!"

♦ ♦ ♦

THOUGHTS

By Kathleen Keegan '51

There are many deep thoughts
Which seldom are told
But these very deep thoughts
Are worth more than gold.

"You wait just a second; we'll be right out," said Eddy.

"O. K. Take your time. I know how these dames are," replied the cabby as he set the meter.

Eddy ran up the steps and rang the doorbell.

"Ah, you're the Jones boy, I suppose," said the pleasant looking lady who answered.

"Is Marge ready?" asked Eddy politely.

"Oh, I'm so sorry, my dear, but Marge is ill with a sore throat and can't possibly go to the dance."

"Can't go?" stammered Eddy, "Can't go? Why—why didn't you call me?"

"How could I? There are so many Jones in the telephone directory, and I didn't know which one you were. It's too bad, isn't it?" and she smiled regretfully.

This was the final blow! After all he had gone through, this was his reward! All those hardships for nothing! He stumbled dizzily to the taxi, muttering feebly, "These dames! They aren't worth the struggle."

TEEN-AGERS

By Nancy Quirk '52

Adolescence is a time
When children care no more to climb
The fences, trees, or old stone wall
They liked so well when they were small.

The girls become sophisticated
And more concerned with getting mated.
The boys, it seems, at least to me,
Are "harder to get" than they were at three.

A girl will sigh and gawk and moon
Over nothing but a jerky goon,
Because he is the brick-headed fullback,
The basketball center, or miler in track.

No matter what psychiatrists say
About the generation of today,
It's not so happy as it seems, I'll wager,
How do I know?—
I'm a teen-ager!



CAREER CORNER



MISS YOLANDA ELSO

"I really enjoy designing and making my own clothes." Miss Yolanda Elso, an attractive brunette, considers it her hobby as well as her work. When she isn't designing, sewing, reading, and listening to classical records are among her favorite pastimes.

Miss Elso graduated from Pittsfield High's excellent Retail Selling course in 1947. The two previous years she had been enrolled in the Household Arts course. Proving to be an outstanding student, she was awarded a scholarship by the mercantile division of the Chamber of Commerce. The Traphagen School of Design in New York City was her choice for continuing her education. After completing the eight month course, Miss Elso was employed at the Jay Thorpe store in New York, where she gained much experience. Fashion co-ordinator for Fashion Accessories, which has hat departments in leading New York stores, was her next position. While working in various department stores in this capacity, she attended New York University a few nights each week, studying retail dress-making.

Though she liked living in New York and

visits there often, Miss Elso returned to Pittsfield, where she now is employed at the Singer Sewing Center, teaching twelve two-hour classes weekly. Having her own dress shop is included in the plans for Miss Elso's future.

Liking people is a necessity in retail selling, Miss Elso believes, adding that that is a requirement in almost any occupation. She feels that the courses she took at Pittsfield High have been extremely valuable to her in following the particular branch of selling which she does. She said, however, that the commercial instead of the Household Arts course would be advisable for anyone who planned to confine herself to the clerical side of merchandising.



Career Week Follow-Up

PITTSFIELD High's Guidance Department, in cooperation with the local Personnel Managers' Association, is planning to conduct a series of briefings designed to assist the student in preparing for an interview when he undertakes a personal application for a job. It has been the experience of members of the Personnel Managers' Association that oftentimes an excellently qualified applicant fails to make a successful impression due to a tendency to become inarticulate when talking with a prospective employer. Conversely, students with an easy facility of expression but with a less sound background will often obtain first consideration for a position because they do not "freeze up" during the question-and-answer phase of a personal interview.

The proposed series of briefings, under the direction of Mr. Charles Murphy and the guidance staff, is intended to alleviate in part this situation which is disadvantageous both to the job-seeking student and the company which may employ him. The student will find that he has talked himself into a job for which he is not fitted and ultimately will realize that he is dissatisfied. Eventually he will wish to transfer his interests to another field with the result that he has wasted a highly constructive part of his early vocational experience and has cost the company substantially in training time and upset personnel. On the other hand, the briefings are expected to be of considerable help to the student who is well-grounded in his chosen field, but who lacks the ability to make the first good impression which is necessary to obtain the job in order that he may demonstrate his abilities.

The general plan of the Guidance Department is to bring to the high school representatives of local employers and some of the speakers who were here during Career Week. Particular attention will be centered on seniors, especially those who expect to start working after graduation. There will be opportunities for personal interviews, talks to be conducted in small groups; and, if sufficient interest is manifested, it is expected that field trips will be arranged. The projected field trips, it is felt, would be of genuine benefit since they would enable the student to observe actual working conditions on the job which interests him personally and would do much to supplement the information that was made available through career conferences.

While the Guidance Department feels that these sessions should be held largely for seniors, there is a possibility that other students may be allowed to participate. Any student who wishes to take advantage of the opportunities offered may make arrangements with his counselor to attend whatever aspects of the program appeal to his personal choice.

Our entire faculty in conjunction with the

Guidance Department, the Personnel Managers' Association, and the people of Pittsfield generally, by making possible this additional assistance, are evincing an interest in the future of the students that is far beyond the ordinary fulfillment of their duties. It is certain that their consideration will evoke an appreciative response from the entire student body.

VOCATIONAL DEPARTMENT CHANGES ANNOUNCED

In an attempt to meet the ever-increasing demand of boys who wish to take one of the Vocational Courses offered here at Pittsfield High, the Vocational Department has had to have an additional screening in order to determine which boys out of all the applicants will gain the most as a result of pursuing one of these courses. This additional mechanical aptitude test is to be used in conjunction with the regular test profile and the scholastic record. Next year's candidates have already taken this test.

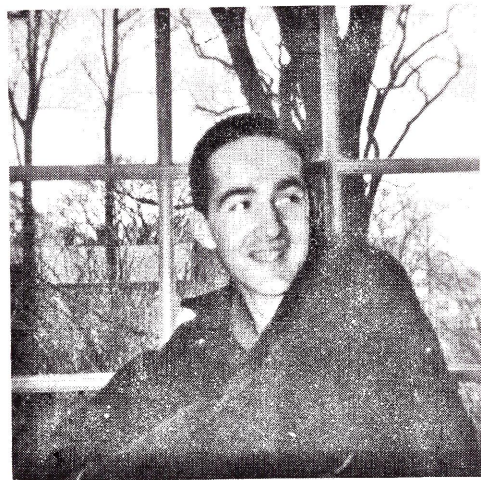
Besides the extra test, there is going to be an expansion of the Vocational Department itself. Three courses which are now being carried on on a weekly basis, which means that the students in these particular courses attend regular classes for a half day and work in the shop in the afternoon, will be converted to an alternate week schedule, which is a whole week spent in class and the following week devoted entirely to shop. This expansion to an alternate week will enable a greater number of boys to take trade courses and the total number who will be permitted to take these courses will be forty more than it has been in the past.

LOST HOMEWORK

By Kathleen Keegan

I couldn't find my paper,
But it wasn't lost because
Although I searched all over
I knew right where it was!

WHO'S WHO



"SWEET MISS"

Everybody recognizes that bright little smile as belonging to only one senior at P.H.S.—Rosemary Monterosso! Better known as "Slow Ro" amongst her "best" of friends, she is quite a busy gal around school! Besides being one of our snappy cheerleaders for the past two years, she is also a member of the Student Council and is chairman of the typing committee for the year book. "Awful-Awful" rate just tops with Rosie and when she isn't busy talking, you'll find her deeply absorbed in her favorite pastime—"day dreaming!" Of what she won't say, but we can guess—can't we? ?



STAR SHORTSTOP

Been watching any P.H.S. baseball games lately? If so, then surely you know all about Joseph Lavelle, one of the most genial seniors in our school. He's the sparkling shortstop who handles those line drives with such finesse! Joe also played on last year's American Legion team which later took part in the New England finals at Augusta, Maine. Besides playing baseball, this versatile senior is a representative on the Student Council and a member of this winter's hockey squad. Joe's favorite pastimes include dancing and visiting 178 Robbins Avenue. Hmmmm! We hear he's also very partial to playing pingpong at the Y.M.C.A.



SHARP SHOOTER

Attention, please!! I'd like you to meet Richard Gorey, captain of the P.H.S. rifle team. On the team when he was a sophomore and junior, Dick deserves the honor of leading the group in his senior year. He has also been in the band three years, and in the orchestra this year.

"Dick's" favorite pastime is fishing and his favorite dish is lobster. "Dick's" pet peeve is getting up in the morning. After June "Dick" plans to attend the University of Maryland to study mechanical engineering. Good luck, Dick.

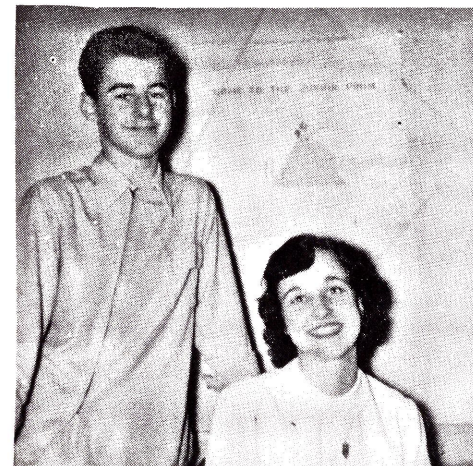
June, 1950

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"CAP"

Who is it? Why, this is dashing James McGuigan, captain of the 1950 track team. His favorite sports are hunting and, of course, track. He was chairman of the stage committee and on the decorating committee for the Junior Prom.

Topping his food list are roast chicken and strawberry shortcake. Jimmy has one pet peeve—"People who know it all." As far as girls are concerned, "Watch out, you'll get interested in 'Barb' wire." For the future, Jim hopes to be a success at anything that comes along. Good luck, Jim!

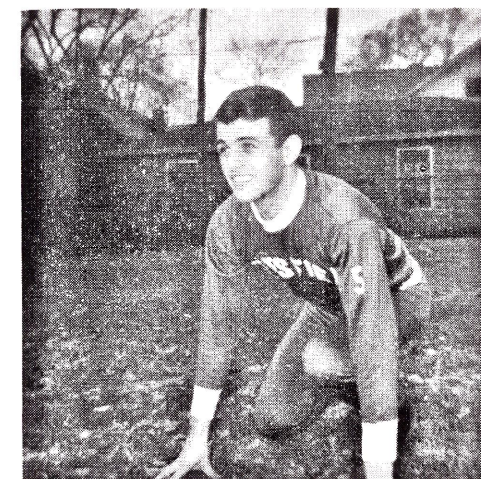


"RUE"

This busy and studious looking girl is Ruth Ann Pharmed, vice president of the junior class, a member of the student council, a home room representative, and the warden of Gamma Tri-Hi-Y.

"Rue," as her friends call her, manages to find time for other activities though, for her favorite pastimes are dancing, swimming, and driving. Her main ambition is to have a car of her own. Among her other likes are ice-cream, steak, and a boy named Dick. Her pet peeves are homework and golf. (Dick plays golf quite a bit.)

After graduation "Rue" plans to attend college. Knowing how well she carries her responsibilities here at P.H.S., we are sure she will be a success.

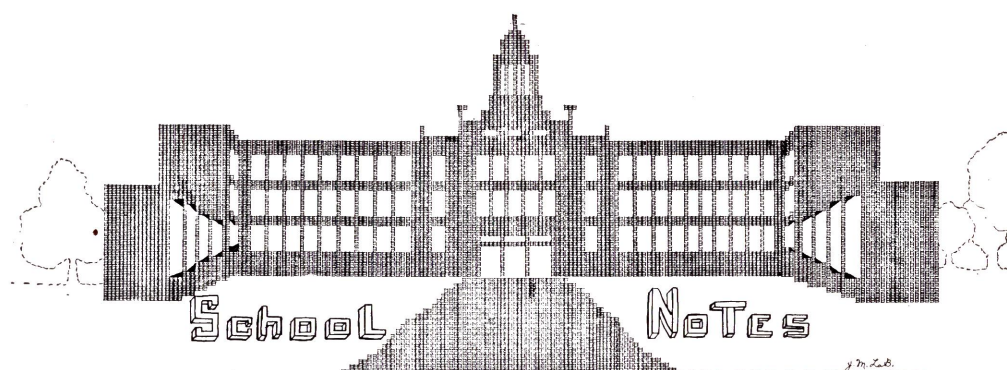


CO-CHAIRMEN

Meet two of our Juniors, co-chairmen of that big event—the Junior Prom. They are Janet Hodecker and Jack Ferguson. Janet is also co-chairman of the Oasis, a member of the Student Council, of the Junior Class Council, and of Gamma Tri-Hi-Y. She is a former bowler, and a candidate for the badminton team this year. Her favorite sport is skating.

Jack is also a member of the Junior Class Council. As far as sports go, he is an ardent baseball fan, and is on the team here. As for food—feed him fried chicken. Fox hunting is his favorite pastime along with one other thing—hearing that the Red Sox beat the Yankees. (He must be a Red Sox fan).





SENIOR CLASS NOTES

At last! Graduation is almost here and with it comes that long-awaited event of the year—The Senior Prom! The date of the prom has been set for the fifteenth of June, and the Sheraton Hotel will be the center of attraction. Everywhere can be heard the traditional buzz-buzz among seniors with everyone excitedly discussing his or her plans for that special night!

Co-chairmen Walter Weeks and Lorita Martinelli have selected their various committee chairmen, and all are busy working to make this prom one of the best in Pittsfield High's history. The selected chairmen are as follows: Mae Garnish and Gordon Swirsky, decorations; Anne Cavanagh and Richard Haskell, tables; Nancy Montgomery and Robert Gale, house; Joan Rosa and Robert Roe, music; Patricia Daignault and John Russell, programs; Thelma Bertolino, invitations; and Ralph Cianflone, checking.

Seniors especially are looking forward to this joyous occasion, and under the careful supervision of our class adviser, Mr. James Conroy, it's bound to be a great success!

AUTO-DRIVING COURSE

During the past few months, Pittsfield High arranged to have a series of lectures and movies describing the "know-how" of automobile operation. This series, known as the Auto-Driving Course, explained all the important details involved with cars. The course consisted of ten lectures given by

different teachers or motor vehicle officials. After the course written tests were given to all the students and those coming out on top received driving lessons in the newly acquired dual-controlled car. Students receiving passing marks on the test received certificates that will exempt them from the oral exam necessary to obtain a driver's license.

Mildred Pomeroy was the first P. H. S. girl to receive her driving license as a result of the Auto-Driving Course and a series of road tests. The best of luck to all our new future drivers!

THE JUNIOR PROM

The Junior Prom, which was held on May 5, was an affair that will long be remembered by all those who attended it. Judging from all appearances, everyone had a marvelous time.

The decoration committee certainly deserves a word of praise for the beautiful decorations, which they so cleverly built around the fairy tale, "Cinderella."

The members of the reception committee initiated the reception line which added much grace and dignity to the affair.

The music played by Lawrence Murphy and his orchestra was really superb.

To Janet Hodecker and John Ferguson, Prom co-chairmen, and everyone else who worked so hard and contributed so much to the success of the Prom, we say, "Bravo. It was a job well done."

TECHNICAL NEWS

The Technical division of Pittsfield High opened its doors to the public during Open House. This was the first time that the course had presented a full scale program for the annual affair, but it proved to be a complete and satisfying exhibit.

The sophomore Technical section was in operation in the woodworking shop located in a quonset hut directly behind the machine shop. The students were busily working on their individual projects or on group projects.

The Technical seniors, with a few juniors, were busy in room B-9 of the high school proper. This group was combined to work both on electrical lab and radio club projects. In this section were found on display interesting individual and group projects which covered many phases of radio and electricity. Richard Meiowitz, a member of the Radio Club who has received his amateur radio license, presented his station, WSDS, in operation for public inspection in one end of B-9. Some of the other projects on display were a large motor-generator set-up, an electronic organ, a power supply, winding a motor.

Dr. E. B. Van Dusen, vice principal in charge of the Technical Department, plans on having a much wider and equally successful group of displays for the event in succeeding years. These displays will enable the people of Pittsfield to see for themselves the broad education which can be obtained from the Technical course.

THE MOTION PICTURE CLUB

The pictures discussed in April by the Motion Picture Club were the "Hasty Heart," discussed by Vernon Turner; "East Side, West Side," by Irma Bosma; and "Twelve O'Clock High", by Vernon Turner.

As a special event this month, the club is planning to attend the movie, "Cheaper by the Dozen", at the Capitol, as the guests of Mr. Decelles.

TOURS BY TECHNICAL

In addition to meeting their already full school schedule, the Technical students, in the past few months, have made several interesting trips to various local industries. These tours are very helpful in presenting to the students various problems which are found in actual practice but are not met with in theoretical training.

The trips made by the students were to the General Electric Company, General Electric Plastics Division, Crane Paper Mill, E. D. Jones and Sons, and the Industrial Exhibit at the Berkshire Museum. The wide range of industries covered can be noted by these various places which were visited.

At the General Electric, the students were instructed in the various aspects of the large mercury boiler unit. At the Plastics Division, the students were given a talk on the three different types of plastics and their individual uses. They were then taken on a tour of the entire factory from the machine shop to the finishing room.

The Crane Paper Mill presented many viewpoints of manufacturing which the students had never encountered previously, as the problems met with in the paper making industry are usually very different from those met with in other types of manufacturing.

At E. D. Jones and Sons the students found problems, not only in the manufacturing, but also in transportation and the on-the-job maintenance of the devices manufactured here.

The Berkshire County Industrial Exhibit at the Museum was also very interesting and educational. This exhibit dealt not only with the present industries but with the past ones also. Each individual exhibit presented the modern way of manufacture, but in some cases, where old methods were also shown, the great advancement made in the industry could be seen. This trip demonstrated not only the historical background of Berkshire industry, but the problems which have been overcome by advancement, and the problems still remaining to be overtaken.

ASSEMBLIES

Thursday, April 13th, found the pupils of Pittsfield High exclaiming, "So that's what it was all about." Earlier everyone had been mystified as to the purpose of the "A" period. Now, after speeches by Mr. Strout, Coach Fox, and Coach Carmody, they knew. The Lion's Club, having heard of the predicament Pittsfield High was in over funds for baseball and track, had asked to adopt it as a project. They decided to donate \$50 to be divided for prizes to the pupils who sold the most season tickets to Pittsfield's baseball games.

As an added attraction, Mr. Strout promised an early dismissal with a large enough return. Needless to say, the students soon were enthusiastically selling tickets. The results? Noon dismissal on Friday, April 28th. The pupils sold over 1500 tickets.

At a short assembly held on May 5 Mr. Strout awarded cash prizes to students selling the highest number of tickets. The cash prizes were donated by the Lion's Club of Pittsfield. The winners were as follows: First prize of twenty dollars went to Anne Everest for selling one hundred and twenty-four tickets. Only a soph, too! Jimmy Mazzer and Jimmy Thompson worked together and sold one hundred and thirty-four tickets, and for their combined efforts they split their twenty dollar prize. Edith Butler, Donald Resse, and Edward Stomski each received a prize of five dollars. Between the three of them they sold one hundred and five pasteboards. Two dollar awards were given to Barbara Dawley, Robert Prentiss and Donald Reid. Congratulations to the winners for doing a splendid job. We must not forget the Teachers Booster Committee for really being on the ball and inspiring these ticket sellers to the extent they did.

CHORAL CONCERT

On Friday night, May 12, the annual choral concert, under the direction of Mr. F. Carl Gorman, was presented in the auditorium.

This year the concert was composed of two parts, the Girls' Glee Club and the a capella choir. Ann Wilde was accompanist for the glee club and soloists, Beverly Gallagher and Joyce Lacas.

Also included on the program were two violin solos by Marline Posner and Rita Goldstein, a flute solo by Jean Jarvie, and a piano solo by Ann Wilde.

It won't be long before we leave Pittsfield High, so before we leave we'd like to say what we'll miss most.

PRISCILLA SILVERNAIL—The fun I had in typing.

BUCK WHITE—English, definitely!

MARY CALLANAN—Fighting for the last bottle of milk at lunch.

JIMMY MCGUIGAN—Running for the bus each morning.

JEANETTE CIMINI—I'll miss "Molly the Mop."

RALPH CIANFLONE—"Now we will pass to our first period."

JIMMY O'BRIEN—Raising the flag on St. Patrick's Day.

DELORES BERNARDO—Sharing peanut-butter crackers between periods.

AL DEFREEST—I'll miss the two Miss Carmels.

MARY CONTENTA—Miss Carmel's answer book.

BRUCE GRUNOW—The baseball pool.

JOYCE MOSCA—"Being Sweet."

LARRY COTY—Being on assignment for Miss Enright.

ANN EVANS—"Lunch".

PAUL GREEN—Dodging chalk.

TERRY CIANFLONE—The surprise lunch in the cafeteria.

LEE BEELER—I'll miss the bus, as usual.

NANCY MONTGOMERY—The perfume of the chemistry room.

GENE VIDOLI—Dr. Van Dusen's stories about his Mom.

JEAN DRISCOLL—Eating my lunch while in chemistry class.



PITTSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL RIFLE TEAM

Front Row: M. Keeler, R. Dyer, Capt. R. Gorey, J. McGuigan, R. Haskell.
Second Row: A. Buick, R. Coleman, H. Clark, R. Gardner, N. Clark, R. Roe, C. Cusick.

RIFLE TEAM REPORT

Although the Pittsfield High School Rifle Team's season is incomplete, it has had a fine record so far. The boys got off to a poor start, losing a home and home series with Wilbraham, but have been undefeated since then. Included in their victories are two from the Southern Berkshire Rifle Club, and one apiece from the Drury and Dalton high school rifle teams. The team also did very well in the Connecticut State Rifle Meet in New Haven.

The officers of the team are president, Richard Gorey; vice-president, Neil Clark; secretary, Malcolm Keeler; treasurer, Robert Roe; and range officer, Howard Clark. Mr. Richard Weisse is the coach of the team.

P. H. S. OVERWHELMS ST. JOSEPH'S
By Jay Reder

Opening their season with a bang, the P. H. S. baseball team defeated their city rivals, St. Joseph's, by the score of nine to nothing. The defending Massachusetts Champions were true to form as they blasted out twelve hits off of Dick Seidell in the seven inning game. Pittsfield's first run came in the opening frame when Buddy Sheran led off with a solid single to right, advanced to second on John Krieger's perfect sacrifice, and scored on Don Morehead's sharp single to right. Pittsfield's hitting power unleashed itself in the third inning when Seidell, the St. Joe hurler, was touched for four runs on

Continued on page 29

Girls' Sports



CHAMPIONSHIP JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Front Row: L. Principe, C. Wagner, V. Spazioso, B. Duggan, B. Erickson.
Second Row: J. Meagher, M. Zofrea, S. McCambridge.
Third Row: E. Hogan.

BASKETBALL

The most popular sport for girls has rolled around again. The junior girls, captained by Velma Spazioso, have added another championship to their list. The girls who were on the winning team were Barb Duggan, Mary Zofres, Lib Principe, Carolyn Wagner, Sally McCambridge, Eileen Hogan, and Barb Erickson.

Catherine Mierzejewski captained the senior girls and Eve Persip led the sophomores.

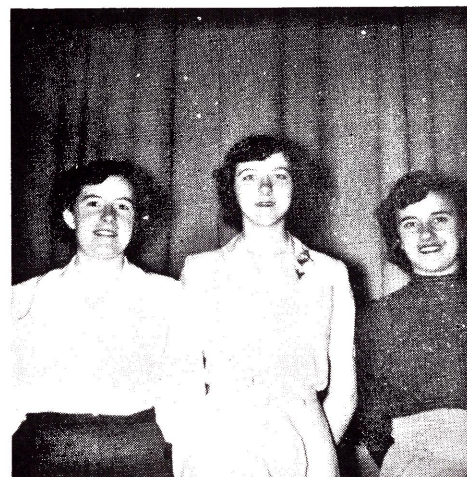
BADMINTON TOURNAMENT

If you happen to go down to the girls' gym before or after school, you will see some of the girls who are going to try for the championship.

This year hits an all time mark. The number of girls who have signed up for badminton exceeds one hundred. All of these matches are double. Some of the girls that show real talent are Libera Principe, Judy Meagher, "Bobbie" Lepare, Rita Biron, "Red" Malumphy, "Mezzie" Mierzejewski, and Lil Gaudette, Jr. to mention only a few.

SWIMMING

By Lil Gaudette



Mary Fitzsimmons Marion Slosky Adelaide Nicola

After twelve chlorinated wet Thursdays we finally reached the long awaited for swimming meet. The first event was the free style, which was a great upset. It was won by Beverly May, junior, and Judy Milne and Barb Sultaire, seniors, respectively. The rest of the results are as follows: 25-yard breast stroke—Anne Everest, soph; Judy Milne, senior; Di Nadeau, junior. Diving—Lil Gaudette, junior; Barb Sultaire, senior. 25-yard back stroke—Barb Sears, junior; Ann Meagher, senior; Shirley Borden, soph.

Form swimming was won by the sophs, with the seniors second. The winning relay team was the junior team, composed of Di Nadeau, Beverly May, Barb Sears, and Lil Gaudette.

The meet ended in a tie between the juniors and the seniors, each having accumulated a total of twenty-nine points. Congratulations to you, juniors and seniors.



P. H. S. OVERWHELMS ST. JOSEPH'S

Continued from page 27

five hits. Sheran once again began the inning with a single. This hit was followed by hits by Krieger, Tony Ferdyn, Joe Zavatterro, and Cy Gorman. The Purple tallied three more times in the sixth inning when Seidell gave up two bases on balls and two hits, one, a line double to center by Joe Zavatterro. Al Goerlach, on the mound for Pittsfield, gave up only two hits, a scratch infield hit to Fred Broderick, and a ringing triple to right field by Jim Foley. Goerlach pitched masterful ball as he struck out five and issued only three walks. The game was featured by superlative infield play by Captain Buddy Sheran and shortstop Joe Lavelle.

The totals:

Pittsfield, 9 runs, 12 hits, 0 errors

St. Joe 0 runs, 2 hits, 5 errors

GIRLS' BOWLING

There was disappointment for some and joy for others as the result of the bowling tournament, but we congratulate the winners and runners-up. In the teams' roll-off, the "Rockets", consisting of Anna Bruzzi, Barbara and Clementine Fox, Elaine Casella, and Barbara Frieri won the title. As they are all sophomores, it looks as if they'll be champs for the next two years unless there's a team that isn't too discouraged to try again! Trophies will be presented to each member of the team along with a set of numerals.

In the individuals, a sophomore, Marion Slosky took first place; Adelaide Nicola, a senior, took second; and Mary Fitzsimmons, also a senior, took third. A trophy will be presented to the first place winner and numerals to the second and third.



BADMINTON FINALS

Libera Principe and Rita Biron, last year's tournament winners, and Judy Meagher and Sally McCambridge met in the finals of the 1950 tournament.

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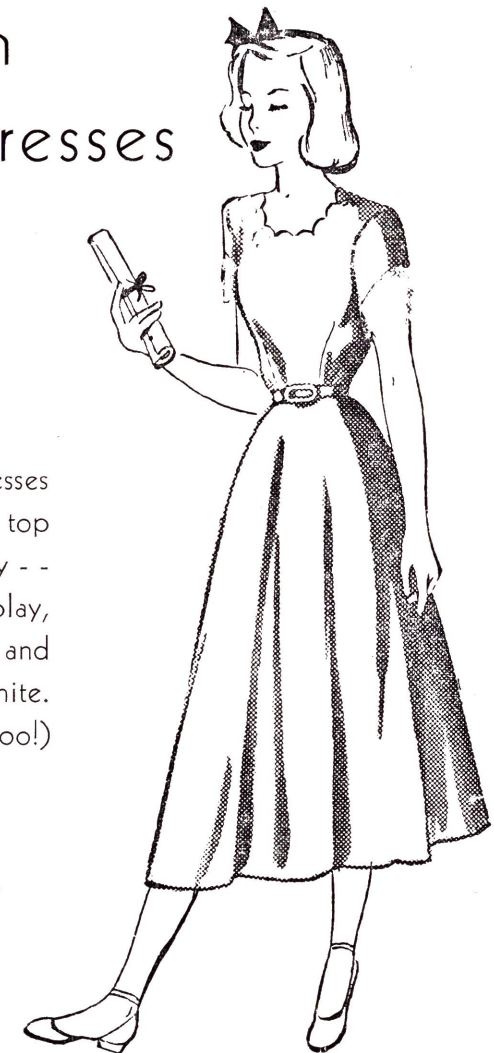
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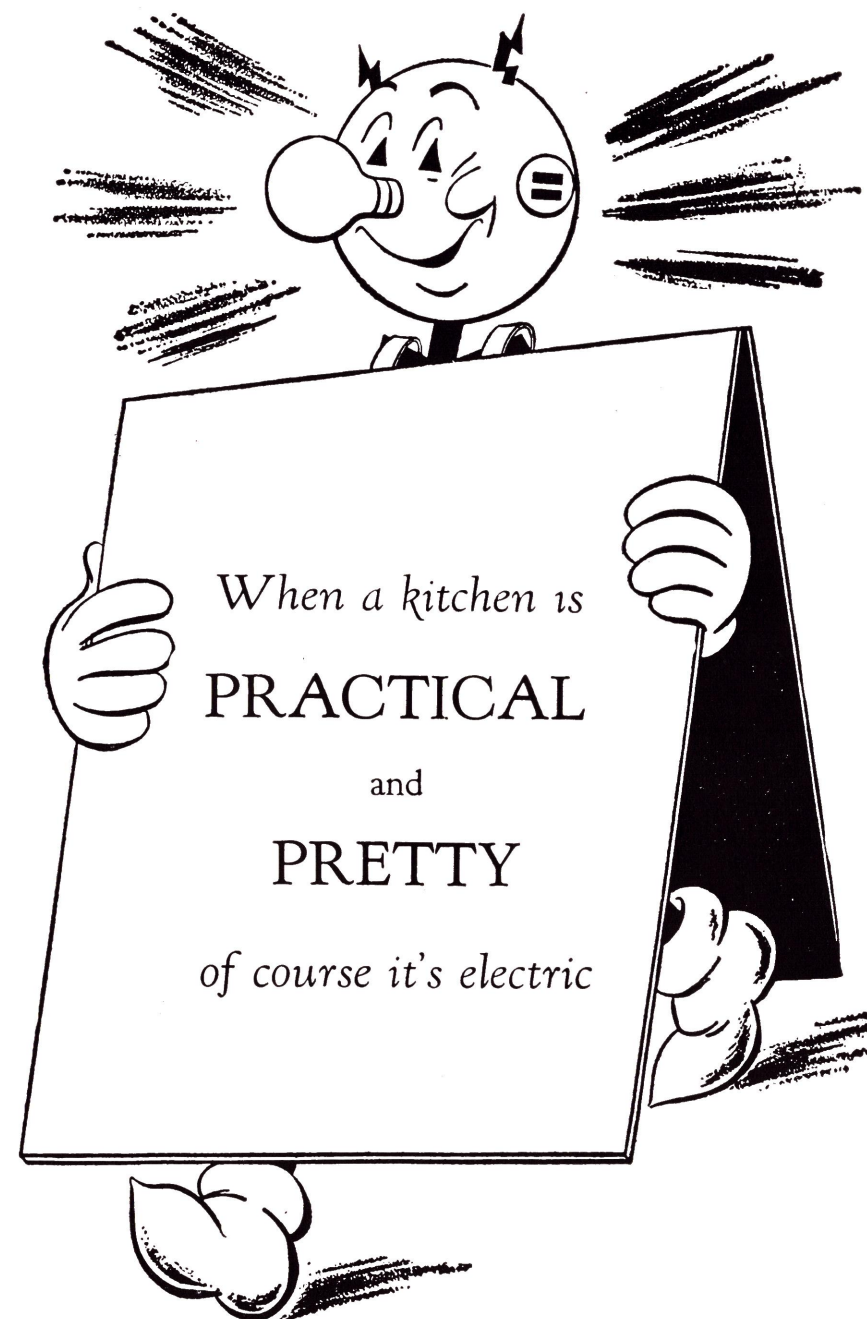
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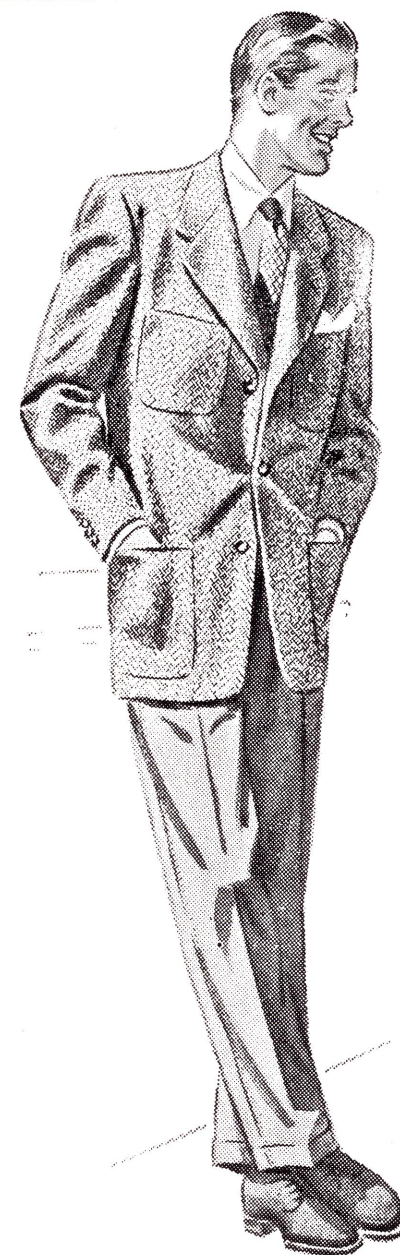
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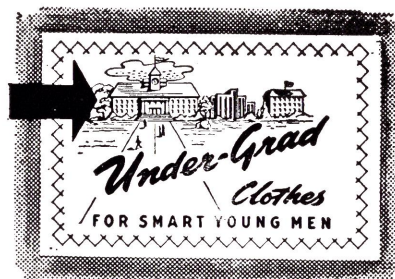
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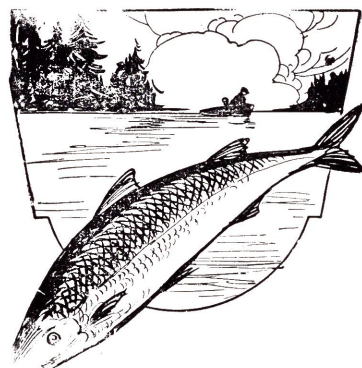
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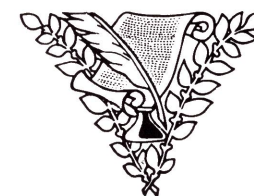
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ROBERT F. DAMON, Reg. Ph.

A. D. VITTON, B.S., Reg. Ph.

820 Tyler Street at Woodlawn Ave. Phone 5160

Open Monday through Saturday 7.30 A. M. to 9 P. M.

Sunday and Holidays 8:00 A. M. to 1:00 P. M. 5:00 P. M. to 8:00 P. M.

Prescriptions Compounded Accurately and Promptly

GIFT SUGGESTIONS

Greeting cards in wide assortment 5c to 50c. Fine Candies and Confections from Whitman, Gobel, Cynthia Sweets and Russell McPhail.

COSMETICS, TOILETRIES, VANITIES

Coty, Yardley of London, Evening in Paris, Kay Daumont, Old South in three fragrances—Cotton Blossom, Plantation Garden and Woodland Spice—all in Gift Assortments priced \$1.50 to \$25.00 or in individual items attractively packaged. Good stocks in Perfumes, Toilet Waters, Essences, Bath Salts, Powders, Bubbles and Foamy Baths, Sachets, Talcums, etc.

Vanities in plastic, non-tarnishing burnished simulated gold metal and sterling silver \$1.50 to \$12.50.

MANICURING PREPARATIONS AND IMPLEMENTS

Chen-yu, La Crosse, Cutex Gift Assortments \$1.50 to \$15.00.

Hughes Lucite Dresser Sets in handsome acetate gift boxes. Comb-Brush-Mirror Sets \$10.00 to \$13.50. Military Sets \$5.00 to \$7.50. Single items—Boxed Hair Brush, Club Brush, Hand Scrub, Complexion Brush, Cloth Brush \$1.00 to \$7.50. Mirrors \$6.50 to \$8.50.

Stuffed Toys—Rabbits, Roosters, Ducks, Bears, Dogs in plush, gingham, washable textiles \$2.00 to \$6.00.

Good assortment of Baby Gifts—Utility and Cosmetic \$1.00 to \$5.00.

For Men—Lighters, Pipes, Accessories, Cigars, Cigarettes and Tobacco. Toiletries—Seaforth, Yardley of London, Mennen's—Seaforth in Pottery Containers glazed inside and outside suitable for after use in any desired capacity. Also in new plastic—cannot be damaged—at \$1.25. Each set of 3—\$3.75. Pottery at \$1.00 each set \$2.00 to \$5.00. Yardley of London single items only—Shaving Bowl \$1.00. Talcum \$1.00. Lotion 95c to \$1.50.

Leather Goods, Billfolds, Key Cases, etc.

Cameras—Projectors, Screens, Tripods, Dark Room Sets, Meters, Flash Guns, Reflectors, Photographic Materials.

Hood's Ice Cream

Kelling Double K Nuts

MORNINGSIDE'S ONLY DRUG STORE



Vacation Time Is Near!!

MOST OF YOU will be earning money during your Vacation this summer. You'll also be making plans for your future.

A Savings Account will help turn your plans into realities. A little saved each week will grow, with our dividends added, to a sizable amount by the time you need it.

Don't put it off - open a Savings Account today!

\$1.00 will start it.

We are an old institution that welcomes Young People

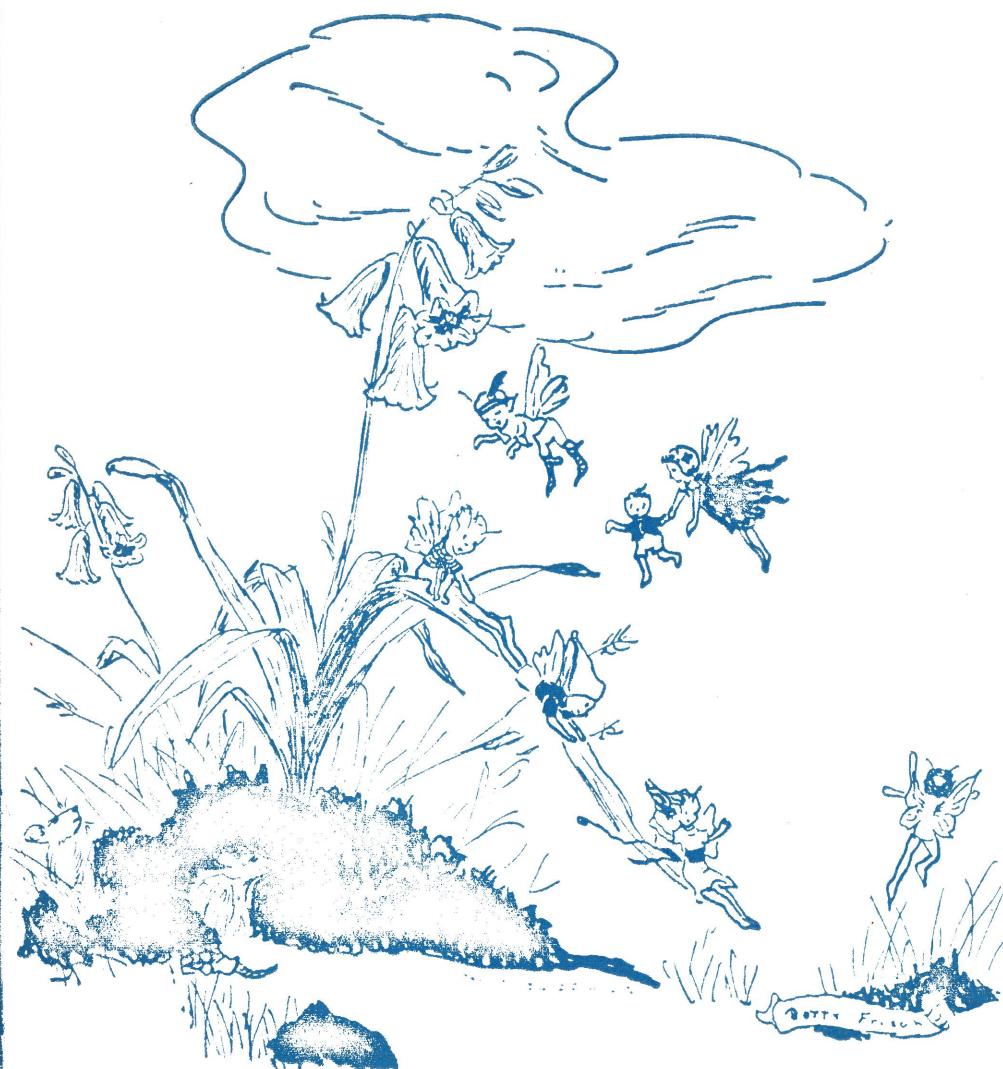
**BERKSHIRE
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PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

Students Pennies



June 1950